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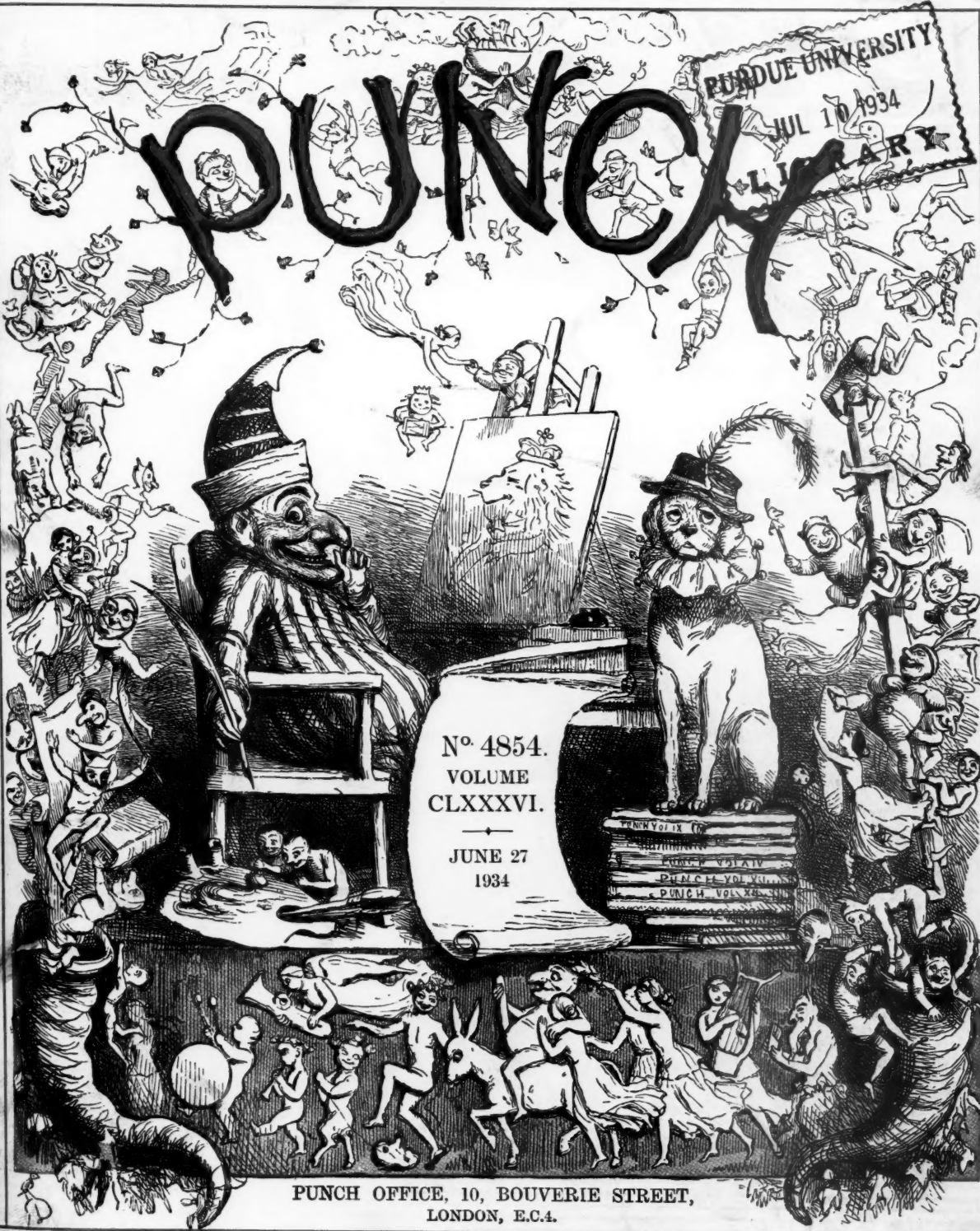
# CADBURY

*Maker of  
fine Chocolates*

# PUNCH

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# PLAYER'S



NCC.210-B

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 50 FOR 25 100 FOR 48



## Charivaria.

THE centenary of the Old Bailey Sessions Court is to be celebrated in October. Hopes are entertained that the criminal classes will observe the date as a holiday. \*

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We are reminded that when QUEEN ANNE inaugurated Ascot Races she had just quarrelled with her favourite, the Duchess of MARLBOROUGH. Superstitious race-goers believe that she put a curse on favourites. \*

By wearing a raincoat in the finest weather Herr HITLER intimated that he expected compliance with his wish that the drought should end. \*

A scientist has discovered a new species of mosquito. We understand, however, that it discovered him first. \*

A tobacconist is giving away a pipe with every ounce of tobacco. Another useful idea would be to give away a packet of matches with each automatic cigarette-lighter. \*

In view of an author's admission that he has never been to Tibet, although he has laid the scene of a successful story there, it is pointed out that novelists often describe environments

of which they have no first-hand knowledge. Mayfair, for instance. \*

"More Burglars at Wedding Receptions," announces a headline. Among those presents, as it were. \*

Burglars stole eighty pounds' worth

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"BLIMY! 'OW 'S THAT?"  
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## Poems of To-morrow.

I.

EMERGING from the Underground  
The Prophet paused and pounced; I  
found

My way was intercepted.  
The Sage's whiskers streamed afar,  
He waved a copy of *The Star*,  
It said, "Bulgarian *coup d'état*—  
Dictatorship accepted!"

"We idle English lose our lead  
While live democracies stampede  
In ever-growing numbers.  
We haven't had a civil war  
Since, roughly, 1644,  
And England now as heretofore  
Politically slumbers.

Prestige compels us, I suggest,  
To go one better than the rest,  
Who stop at revolution.  
I hope to see the happy day  
When Manchester shall break away  
And Sheffield shall arise and say  
'WE WANT A CONSTITUTION.'

I long to see before I die  
The flag of Independence fly  
Above the Court of Clacton.  
The sort of thing that England needs  
Is Monarchy at Hull and Leeds,  
And only prejudice impedes  
Autocracy at Acton.

Could England do as England ought,  
Shake off the coma that she's  
caught,

And when it's least expected  
Efficiently disintegrate,  
'Twould definitely demonstrate  
That genius does but hibernate  
However much neglected."

"I see the sort of thing you mean,  
But who would win the 2.15?"  
I mildly meditated.  
"The pushing programme you suggest  
Awakes emotion in my breast,  
But what would happen to the Test  
You haven't intimated."

The Postman Always Reads  
the Postcards Twice.

(An American Novelette.)

I GUESS I needed something to eat.  
He offered me a job. I was starving.  
I took it.

"Okay," he said. "Start in right  
now."

He gave me fifty dollars. "Buy  
yourself some eats," he grunted.

Fifty dollars! He gave me a suit of  
clothes.

The Big Swede! That night I decided  
to kill him. I saw his wife looking at  
me in a funny way out of the corner

of her eye. She was a swell dame  
all right. I thought I'd kill her too,  
but then I thought, What the hell?

After he'd gone to bed I crept down-  
stairs.

She was there. She handed me a  
machine-gun.

"Let him have it, big boy," she said.

I crept upstairs. He was reading in  
bed with his pants on.

Reading in bed with his pants on!

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"Your wife said I was to let you  
have this," I told him.

"Thanks," he said without looking  
up. "Just put it down on the dressing-  
table, will you?"

I put it down on the dressing-table.  
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no poker or anything.

"You look tired, buddy," he said.  
"Here's fifty dollars."

I put the bills in the turn-ups of  
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Nellie was waiting downstairs.

"Well," she said, "didya give it to  
him?"

"Sure. He told me to put it on the  
dressing-table."

She picked up a pan of boiling oil off  
the stove and crowned me with it. She  
was a swell dame.

That day was the first of June. He  
always took a bath on the first of June.  
I put a bomb in the geyser. Then I  
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her hand.

"Gimme a kiss," I said.

"Sure."

There was one hell of a bang. Nellie  
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He slumped into a heap. I hit Nellie  
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out a sound.

A motor-cycle cop came in.

"Everything O.K.?" he asked, look-  
ing at the two bodies.

"Sure."

"O.K. Just wanted to check up."

He went out, and I could hear him  
start his engine.

The Big Swede got up. His head was  
split open.

"Say," he said, "you'll hurt some-  
body one of these days."

Nellie got up and hit him with a  
two-gallon can of gas. It was full.

I hit him with a quart bottle of  
hooch. It was empty. Nellie hit me  
with the stove. I hit Nellie with the  
table. The cop came in and we  
all hit him with the two-gallon can  
and the bottle and the stove and the  
table. The cop hit us with his motor-  
bike.

It looked like all of us was out for  
the count. I was out, Nellie was out,  
the cop was out, and the Big Swede was  
out. But the Big Swede was only out  
for a drink.

He came back in a few minutes with  
the District Attorney.

The District Attorney didn't say  
nothing for a while. He just kinder  
looked at us with a slow smile.

Then he turned to me and kicked  
me in the ribs. "Hey, you," he said,  
"whaddya know about all this? You  
better come clean. It'll be a whole lot  
easier."

He took a piece of lead-piping out of  
his pocket and smiled again.

"Remember I'm on your side," he  
said. "All I want is to see justice  
done."

He twirled the piece of piping in his  
hand like as if he was going to hit  
somebody.

On my side! I didn't like that  
guy's face and I told him so.

Then the cop came round.

"Hello, Judge," he said; "these  
guys just beat me up."

"How?"

"Like this," said the cop, and he  
socked the District Attorney with a  
two-foot spanner. We all laughed, and  
the Big Swede gave the cop fifty  
dollars.

That night I fixed it with the cop  
and Nellie to put broken glass in the  
Big Swede's spaghetti.

The Big Swede waded through his  
spaghetti like as if he was enjoy-  
ing it.

When we finished the cop doubled  
up suddenly and went out like a flash.

It certainly looked as though Nellie  
had put the glass in the wrong  
spaghetti.

We all laughed, and the Big Swede  
gave us each fifty dollars.

So I stabbed him with the bread-  
knife and then I guess I got sore and  
strangled Nellie with the table-cloth, or  
maybe she strangled me. I don't  
remember. I was tanked.

Anyway next morning I blew. I  
guess I got the wander in me blood.  
I hitch-hiked to Kansas City and then  
I bummed a freight to Chicago. I guess  
that's all.





THE FOREST OF AUSTRIA; OR, LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.



"YES, BUT WE DON'T WANT ONE TOO HIGHLY-BRED. WE HAD TO SELL THE LAST ONE BECAUSE IT WOULDN'T KNOW ANY OF US."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Et Rose Elle a Vécu.

It is understandable and, I think, pardonable, to find Sir GEORGE ARTHUR taking a roseate view not only of the subject of his latest biography but of her surroundings. You feel that *Queen Alexandra* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 8/6), with her royal and personal gift for making the best of things, would have given her *imprimatur* more readily to a chronicle which touched but lightly on her sorrows. So it is on the whole a radiant figure that dominates these domestic annals; rightly domestic because, although "BERTIE's" wife undoubtedly counted in the orientation of "BERTIE's" foreign policy, her naturally pro-Danish (and consequently anti-German) bias was never ostentatiously exerted. Her story, however buoyantly related, has an essential pathos. There is a touch of HANS ANDERSEN in the spectacle of so young, simple, happy and democratically-trained a princess as ALEXANDRA handed over to so rigorously etiquette-ridden a Court as that of VICTORIA's widowhood. Yet the two women undoubtedly took to one another; and an extract or so from the young wife's letters—you feel there might have been more of them—is but complementary to the reiterated approval recorded by her formidable mother-in-law.

#### A Notable Woman.

In undertaking the biography of Mrs. Annie Besant (KEGAN PAUL, 10/6) Mr. THEODORE BESTERMAN has chosen rather difficult ground. He treads it with discretion. Not that he pretends to an impossible impartiality. He is sympathetic yet critical. Himself erstwhile of the inner councils of the Theosophical Society, but having fallen from that particular state of grace, he writes of his subject's later career with authority and understanding but without enthusiasm. He plainly regards it as something of a tragedy that one who had seen the clear if uncaloric lights of BRADLAUGH and the Fabians should have deserted them for the marsh-fires of Madame BLAVATSKY; that one who had been ready to face persecution and prosecution in the cause of individual liberty should have developed into an oracular autocrat. In this he will command the agreement of most of his readers. Mrs. BESANT's theosophical activities—as distinct from her social work in India—were involved in ambiguities and not untouched by scandal. Yet no one can deny her sincerity or her courage, her force of character, her organising ability or her great gift of oratory. Her defects indeed were an incapacity for clear and logical thinking, a very imperfect judgment of persons and a total lack of the sense of humour which was a salient and disconcerting factor in the make-up of the astonishing woman of whom she made herself the disciple.



## Bird Pictures.

Photographing birds isn't everybody's game;  
It's not exactly thrilling and it's not exactly tame.  
You build a sort of shelter which the experts call a "hide,"  
And you with your camera recline inside;  
And just when you're feeling that you need a nap  
You press the button and you take a snap.

That at least is the course to pursue,  
As explained in an entertaining volume,  
*True*

*Dramas of Wild Life*, excellently done  
By GEORGE HEARN (at 8/6 from HUTCHINSON).

But I've a suspicion that there's somewhere a snag,  
For not all photographers get such a bag.

Big birds, little birds, every sort of fowl,  
The lark and the nightingale, the magpie and the owl,  
Goldcrest, woodpecker, ring-ouzel, tern,  
They're all of them sitters to Mr. HEARN.

And it's not all photographs. We find as well  
That this keen observer has tales to tell  
Which indicate that feather-brains are something more  
Than hitherto they've commonly had credit for.

## Witty, Pretty and Pleasant.

It requires not only convictions but the courage of them to dedicate an exceptional talent to the domestic novel nowadays. All the more credit then to Mrs. ANGELA THIRKELL, who has already produced two successful books in the pleasant vein so entertainingly handled in *Wild Strawberries* (HAMILTON, 7/6). Set in a typical English backwater, where the Vicar still traces his own push-bike's punctures in a bucket of water and the squirearchy is still sustained by accomplished activities in the City, the new volume introduces a galaxy of agreeable or, at the worst, pleasantly disagreeable characters. Mrs. THIRKELL uses them all with the same smiling equanimity, from that scatter-brained matriarch, *Lady Emily*, to that lady's philandering (and highly modern) son, *David*. *David* provides what villainy there is, in his casual attentions to a damsel more than capable of coping with him and an *ingénue* whose happiness he almost wrecks. Over the former, *Joan Stevenson*, and her B.B.C. activities her creator lavishes a most acceptable malice. She is not perhaps on such sure ground with the *Boules*, holiday tenants at the Vicarage, and their monarchist conspiracies. So graceful a bent for comedy should steer clear of facilities for farce.



"THE END OF A PERFECT DAY."

## I, Ego, Je, Ich.

Mr. ROY CAMPBELL, the poet from Natal, has written his autobiography, *Broken Record* (BORISWOOD, 7/6). He is always in the right, and is a wise man in a world of fools; if you don't believe me, ask him. I was glad to find that he dislikes Communism, Freudism, Bloomsbury and feminine young men. I like his admiration for horses; I like his love of the animals he has hunted; I like his phrase, "with the hexameters of the hooves still drumming in one's blood"—yet he breaks in a broncho in a circus by splitting it between the jaws with a thin snaffle; he (being armed) wounds a deer, which he eventually kills by forcing its muzzle under water in a stream; this, I gather, is "a truly taurobolic and Mithraic sensation." I suppose it is. The author enjoys bull-fighting, polo, Rugby and big-game fishing and uses as many abstruse words in dignity as did RABELAIS in ridicule. His description of South African

life and the natives is good, but it is curious that he should tell of a mounted Colonel being attacked and bitten by a "mamba" (the wickedest snake there is) during the Boer War: I heard the same story (true, I believe) in 1898 of the Zulu war of '79. Same Colonel perhaps.

### Smiles Galore.

Though I am glad I was not, as the publishers promised, reduced to "loud guffaws of uncontrollable mirth" by Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON's latest absurdity, *The Chemical Baby* (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6), I did enjoy the company of *Admiral and General de Bouffre* (pronounced "Bouffer"), both before and after injection with the "hyper-Altru Chemico-Humatorium serum" made them lambs on the links. And I loved the conversations of *David Whurr*, the American-Scots millionaire, who financed a process for the mass-production of chemical babies and for the serum which was to turn them into pacifists. The serum worked well on adults, but the Animo-Synthetic Laboratory showed nothing more to its promoter than an earth-worm, culled deceitfully from a bait-tin (and that was eaten by a starling) and a baby which was adopted by the chief assistant. Even if the book is not guffaw-making, except in patches, it makes amusing reading for a summer day. Love goes wrong and comes right again and *David Whurr* (for this I am really grateful) talks incessantly and in clipped Americanese with a Scottish accent.

### "A Life or a Love Story?"

*Wood and Iron* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6) looks like a travel book, reads like one in parts and has the usual photographic illustrations; but it begins like a biography and its theme is that of a novel, so a reviewer may be forgiven for failing to place it in any definite category. The anonymous author tells us that she has written her son's story here from diaries sent home after his death on active service in Central Africa; yet there are things in the book about people, apparently, still living that it is difficult to believe would see the light in this manner if they were true. In spite of the irritation these difficulties set up it must be acknowledged that there is considerable charm in this very slight story of *John*, who goes out to Africa coffee planting, learns to love the sweet spirit of the dead woman who had lived in his house making it beautiful, and so finds himself unable to care for the girl of his mother's choice who comes out, well-chaperoned, to visit him. The descriptions of *John's* daily life, of the plantation and its work and of the natives, are remarkable. *Lydia*, the English girl, and *Mitchell*, *John's* neighbour, move and breathe. *John* himself never quite comes alive for me.

### Blood and Thunder.

I should, I think, have been more agreeably entertained by *Jet and Ivory* (RICH AND COWAN, 8/6), Mr. RUSSELL THORNDIKE's story of love and wealth and crime and punishment against a Cairo and desert background, if his thrills—one to every second page, more or less—had been just a little more plausibly contrived; his hero, *Dickie Winthrop* of the Camel Corps, not so incredibly high-souled, gallant and deathly pure under such shattering and persistent temptation; and if the black female villain, *Terrasoda* (nicknamed "The Blackbird"), courtesan and uncrowned queen of Egypt, had not been so beautiful, proud, passionate, rich, powerful, cruel, treacherous, heartsick or such a magnificent swimmer. All distinctions of character seem to disappear when the actors are so furiously driven by the machine of the fantastic plot. However, for robust tastes this gaudy yarn may be commended. And what a super-super-film it would make!

### Problems and Mysteries.

Admirers of Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE's excellent detective novels will be disappointed to find that *The Listerdale Mystery* (COLLINS, 7/6) is a collection of short stories. For one thing there is no *Hercule Poirot* to strut upon the stage, for another Mrs. CHRISTIE is happier and more at home in the long than in the short story. Indeed two or three of these tales, notably "A Fruitful Sunday" and "The Golden Ball," are conspicuously lacking in distinction. The best yarns of a rather unsatisfying dozen are "Swan Song" and "Sing a Song of Sixpence"; in these two stories Mrs. CHRISTIE shows traces of the art which has made so many of us her debtors.

### A Valuable Record.

Day by day sound reasons exist for gratitude not only to *The Times* photographers, but also to those who select the subjects for the camera. *Great Britain, Her Beauty and Achievements* (THE TIMES AND EVANS BROTHERS) contains photographs that are supremely artistic and of real historical significance. And the price of this delightful collection is half-a-crown.

### Mr. Punch in the West End.

The Exhibition of Original Work of Living "Punch" Artists, which has recently been on show at the "Punch" Offices, is now on view at the Galleries of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons, Ltd., 43, Old Bond Street, W.1., until July 14, from 10 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. Admission is free, but Catalogues will be for sale (price One Shilling), the proceeds being devoted to the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.



Fortune-Teller. "YOU WILL BE MARRIED THREE TIMES."  
Client. "AND SHALL I MARRY THE ONLY MAN I EVER LOVED?"  
Fortune-Teller. "YES, EVERY TIME."



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"Sure."

"O.K. Just wanted to check up."

He went out, and I could hear him  
start his engine.

The Big Swede got up. His head was  
split open.

"Say," he said, "you'll hurt some-  
body one of these days."

Nellie got up and hit him with a  
two-gallon can of gas. It was full.

I hit him with a quart bottle of  
hooch. It was empty. Nellie hit me  
with the stove. I hit Nellie with the  
table. The cop came in and we  
all hit him with the two-gallon can  
and the bottle and the stove and the  
table. The cop hit us with his motor-  
bike.

It looked like all of us was out for  
the count. I was out, Nellie was out,  
the cop was out, and the Big Swede was  
out. But the Big Swede was only out  
for a drink.

He came back in a few minutes with  
the District Attorney.

The District Attorney didn't say  
nothing for a while. He just kinder  
looked at us with a slow smile.

Then he turned to me and kicked  
me in the ribs. "Hey, you," he said,  
"whaddya know about all this? You  
better come clean. It'll be a whole lot  
easier."

He took a piece of lead-piping out of  
his pocket and smiled again.

"Remember I'm on your side," he  
said. "All I want is to see justice  
done."

He twirled the piece of piping in his  
hand like as if he was going to hit  
somebody.

On my side! I didn't like that  
guy's face and I told him so.

Then the cop came round.

"Hello, Judge," he said; "these  
guys just beat me up."

"How?"

"Like this," said the cop, and he  
socked the District Attorney with a  
two-foot spanner. We all laughed, and  
the Big Swede gave the cop fifty  
dollars.

That night I fixed it with the cop  
and Nellie to put broken glass in the  
Big Swede's spaghetti.

The Big Swede waded through his  
spaghetti like as if he was enjoy-  
ing it.

When we finished the cop doubled  
up suddenly and went out like a flash.

It certainly looked as though Nellie  
had put the glass in the wrong  
spaghetti.

We all laughed, and the Big Swede  
gave us each fifty dollars.

So I stabbed him with the bread-  
knife and then I guess I got sore and  
strangled Nellie with the table-cloth, or  
maybe she strangled me. I don't  
remember. I was tanked.

Anyway next morning I blew. I  
guess I got the wander in me blood.  
I hitch-hiked to Kansas City and then  
I bummed a freight to Chicago. I guess  
that's all.





THE FOREST OF AUSTRIA; OR, LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.



*Paterfamilias.* "YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR DONKEYS LOOKING VERY NICE."  
*Owner.* "YOUR LOT AIN'T SO BRIGHT-LOOKIN' EITHER."

### Preservation of Old England for Profit and Honour, Ltd.

#### *Prospectus.*

VIEWING with growing alarm the destruction, in the absence of effective Town and Country Planning measures, of the beauties of the countryside, the demolition of our heritage of old cottages and in our towns of the few remaining examples of the architecture of past ages, the spoliation of our new arterial roads by irresponsible ribbon development and the breaking up of our grand old ancestral homes through excessive taxation, the promoters of this Company have thought it their public duty to take some practical steps to secure those objects which have failed to be achieved by those admirable though misguided persons who still think it possible to secure their ends by prevailing on the Government to take effective action.

The Company has been incorporated to acquire and hold for resale to the public all manner of sites, houses, avenues, monuments, open spaces,

road-frontages, etc., etc., possessing historical interest, beauty and/or potentialities, through destruction or misuse, of effectively destroying the beauty of their immediate or remote surroundings.

On the acquisition of these properties the Company will proceed to prepare the most fantastic and outrageous designs for redevelopment that their architectural and surveying staffs can conceive, and through the subsequent advertisement of the proposals, through their Subsidiary Company, "The Preservation of Artistic Beauty and Anti-Spoliation Society," will fan up a public resentment and spirit of righteous indignation at the proposed outrages such as will enable their Subsidiary successfully to promote public subscriptions for the acquisition by the public of the properties of the Parent Company at figures far in excess of those originally paid for them.

Our Stockholders may rest assured that the organisation we have set up provides for the acquisition of our properties under conditions of the utmost secrecy and that the altogether

laudable undertakings of our Company will never be laid at our door.

Through nominees the Company have acquired options upon the following properties:—

*The Magnificent Avenue of Copper Beeches*—the pride and treasure of the county of Wessex. It is confidently felt by the Directors that the threat of their destruction will raise a storm of indignation throughout the length and breadth of our land.

*A row of beautiful Elizabethan Cottages* in the old-world village of Maypole in Southshire. These were recently the subject of a special article in *Country Life* and are recognised as an unique example of the architecture of that period. These it is proposed to reface in concrete.

*A carefully selected number of fields* suitable for the erection of bungalows with asbestos-sheeted roofs, which when built will quite effectively destroy the landscape from such famous viewpoints as Newlands Corner, Chanctonbury Ring, etc., etc.

*A terrace of superb Georgian Houses*



in the city of Bath in such a selected position that their demolition and replacement with a ten-storey block of Mansion Flats will utterly destroy the harmony of the remainder of the Square in which they are situated and which is a notable example of the Town Planning genius of that era.

Amongst other similar sites, a three-mile frontage between the Southern Railway line and the sea along the magnificent Dawlish coast, suitable for the furtherance of our advertising campaign.

Through the medium of our Subsidiary Company, the Preservation of Artistic Beauty and Anti-Spoliation Society, we shall immediately on the acquisition of our properties institute a Press campaign protesting against the atrocious misuse of the properties we have acquired.

We have already retained the services of a number of experienced journalists to conduct a strenuous campaign by means of letters, first to the local Press, which will subsequently be taken up by the London Press, to which will be sent photographs of our properties and the imaginary schemes of redevelopment.

Our advertising sites, which have been selected for their effective interception of famous views, have already been let to bill-posting companies with whom our Subsidiary Company has contracts for taking the advertising spaces to further our campaign against the spoliation of aesthetic Beauty.

Our Subsidiary will institute public funds for the public acquisition of our properties, and the profits thus secured will, after paying interest on our Debenture Stock and a substantial return on our Ordinary Shares, be utilised for the acquisition of further historical houses and famous beauty spots.

The Directors, who are the sole holders of the Ordinary Share capital, in furtherance of their patriotic design will, on sufficient profits having been earned, purchase for their own use and enjoyment the estates of large landowners who are perforce compelled through excessive death-duties to sell their inheritance for development with bungalows, villas and petrol stations.

The properties have been valued by Messrs. Burble, Son & Togg, and the following is a copy of their report:—

*To the Directors of*  
**PRESERVATION OF OLD ENGLAND FOR  
PROFIT AND HONOUR COMPANY,  
LIMITED.**

DEAR SIRS,—We have inspected these properties upon which you have secured options, in accordance with your instructions to report upon their value.

The properties have been carefully chosen, and in our opinion constitute a remarkable group of the beauty spots of our countryside and an unique collection of architectural gems.

Their historical interest and extreme beauty lends them a blackmail value in our opinion unsurpassed for the purpose of their acquisition by your Company, and we consider that the value of these properties to your Company, under the present management, to be far in excess of their fair market value.

When the last three miles of the Dawlish coast have been let for the anti-spoliation propaganda through your Subsidiary Company, their value for resale to the public should, in our opinion, be not less than £150,000.

Yours faithfully,  
BURBLE, SON & TOGG.



"DID YOU NOTICE THAT, ADA? SOMEBODY—IN—THE—'OUSE—IS—GIVING—A—PARTY! MARK MY WORDS!"

## At the Pictures.

## A SUPER HAWKSHAW.

AMONG the many odd things about the film industry, two are always forcing themselves on our notice. One is the frequency with which picture follows picture with the same star in it, and the second is the length of the intervals in which other luminaries suffer eclipse. CHARLES CHAPLIN, we know, has his own settled rotations; but where, for instance, is HAROLD LLOYD? Where is BUSTER KEATON? Where is GARY COOPER? Where is EMIL JANNINGS? Where is KAY FRANCIS? On the other hand I am finding it very difficult to escape from ZASU PITTS.

This lady, the mere sight of whose cultivated dejection sends audiences into spasms of laughter long before she begins to employ her quintessentially dreary tones, has a way of getting into the most unexpected pictures. In fact I think that AUBREY SMITH, who ought in these days of dearth to be bowling for England, is in this matter of continual employment her only rival.

I found her last in a mystery story called *Private Scandal*, which I recommend not so much for her share in it—for, to be quite candid, if ungallant, I confess to be no ZASU fan—as for one of the other performers new to me. Assuming that you, as much as I, like to see a murder thriller unfolding, let me extol the personality and harsh methods of an actor who will, I hope, play criminal investigators to the end of his career. There is a theory that fear of



J.H.D.

ZASU PITTS.

"the chair," or "the hot seat," is a deterrent to homicide; but I personally, were I tempted to take life in America, should be much more afraid of the police; and of no member of the Force more afraid than of NED SPARKS. In *Private Scandal* he is known as Riordan,

and, as I have said, I hope he will be Riordan for evermore. In fact, plays should be written round his terrifying hawk face, his hat, which even in the presence of death he never removes, his nonchalant walk, his rasping voice, his



J.H.D.

A LADY OF STANDING.

Trigger . . . KATHARINE HEPBURN.

unflinching cynicism. Authors should toil to give him good lines.

After *Little Women* I found KATHARINE HEPBURN'S *Spitfire* a disappointment, and I wonder what she herself thinks of it. "We will give this young woman full range," the producers must have said, and there is no harm in that; but they limited the appeal by making her speak an odd Western dialect and maintain herself incredibly as a laundress: the title having reference to her oscillations between hot and cold, calm and fierce, between primitive passions and Biblical superstitions. Another defect is on the part of the engineers who form the male attraction—RALPH BELLAMY as the married one who steals her love, and ROBERT YOUNG as the single one who wins her love—dark talk, which comes to nothing, about the dangers of the dam they are building. It comes to nothing, as I say, but the mischief has been done: our attention, first directed to a possible disaster, later becomes suspense, and then becomes defrauded suspense. I set it down as a dramatic axiom that an engineer who is building a dam should not be allowed to refer to the dangers of tampering with them unless they are going to burst—and of course in every film where a dam is being

built that dam should burst, with immense loss of life. In default of any such calamity *Spitfire* resolves itself into an ordinary BRET HARTE episode of Western life, with the wild young thing being sent off to school for a year or two so as to be more fitted for the duties of Mrs. Engineer. You needn't believe it. I didn't. Meanwhile let us who admire her hope that KATHARINE HEPBURN'S genius is being put to better uses.

Not only do we miss for too long the star actors and actresses, we miss the great producers too. It seems to be years since RENÉ CLAIR sent forth a new picture; but meanwhile a derivative work by PAUL FEJOS is to be seen at the Curzon, in which ANNABELLA is the heroine. The film is noteworthy also for the success with which English words supplant the original foreign dialogue. The title, *Together We Two*, tells the story, which relates the misadventures of a young couple, a Viennese taxi-driver, GUSTAV FRÖHLICH, and the suicidal girl whom he rescues from the far-from-beautiful Blue Danube. Although the beginning is tragic, the spirit of fun thereafter reigns, reaching its highest point when, in default of a real honeymoon, they visit COOK'S office and make believe they are enjoying all the favourite resorts of the fashionable world. The film ought to be better, but it is lively and amusing and ANNABELLA now and then releases adorable smiles.



J.H.D.

A DRY BLANKET ON THE AFFAIR.

Mary White . . . ANNABELLA.  
John Schmidt . . . GUSTAV FRÖHLICH.

In the same programme is a revival of ALFRED LUNT and LYNN FONTANNE'S piquant comedy, *The Guardsman*. I hardly need say that ZASU PITTS is in it. E. V. L.





WISHING TO ASCERTAIN THE EXACT LINES OF THE FASHIONABLE HAT OF THE MOMENT  
OUR ARTIST PAYS A HELPFUL VISIT TO ASCOT.

## Pageant of Parliament.

(Suggestions for the Same.)

V.

I SAW an old man in the Park;  
I asked the old man why  
He watched the couples after dark:  
He made this strange reply:—

*"I am the Royal Commission on Kissing,  
Appointed by Gladstone in '74;  
The rest of my colleagues are buried or missing;  
Our Minutes were lost in the last Great War.  
But still I'm a Royal Commission  
Which never has made a Report,  
And acutely I feel my position,  
For it must be a crime (or a tort)  
To be such a Royal Commission.  
My task I intend to see through,  
Though I know, as an old politician,  
Not a thing will be done if I do."*

I never can remember how exactly we began,  
But I seem to recollect a case about a clergyman;  
A mountain was delivered, rather strangely, by a mouse;  
There were meetings, there were articles and questions in  
the House;  
The necessity for action was clear to everyone,  
But the view was very general that nothing could be done,  
And the Government courageously decided that the Crown  
Should appoint a score of gentlemen to track the trouble  
down—

*Which always takes a long, long time.*

We first explored the history of human osculation,  
The views of the Mahomedans, the morals of the nation,  
And the significance (if any) of existing legislation—  
*And that took a long, long time.*

Next a little doubt arose about the limits of our reference,  
We accordingly approached the Government with deference,  
Having ascertained that kisses were of every kind and  
sort—  
Some kisses, for example, being long and others short—  
Did the Government expect us to investigate the latter?  
The Government replied that it didn't really matter—  
*But that took a long, long time.*

DISRAELI was a member, but he very soon resigned;  
Lord Arrow died in '98, old Rattle lost his mind;  
Still, once a month, in winter, we assembled to discuss;  
And then the Boer War broke out, which interrupted us—  
*And that took a long, long time.*

We then collected evidence, but carefully dismissed  
The opinion of anyone who actually kissed;  
We summoned social workers from the cities of the North,  
Good magistrates from Monmouth, Nonconformists from  
the Forth;  
We summoned all the bishops who were over sixty-one  
And asked if they were kissed and, if they were, how it was  
done.

They answered in the negative and said there was abundant  
Support for the opinion that the practice was redundant—  
*And that took a long, long time.*

We next examined doctors with extremely high degrees,  
Who thought that osculation was the cause of Bright's  
Disease,

And one or two Societies existing to suppress  
All frivolous activity, including the caress;  
Industrial employers said that kissing always tends  
To economic conduct and is bad for dividends.  
Just then the Great War happened; our proceedings were  
adjourned;  
Two members joined the constables and seven were  
interned.

And I think that it was during that unfortunate campaign  
Our Minutes must have vanished—they were never seen  
again—

*For the War took a long, long time.*

There were ten of us surviving at the finish of the War,  
And some of us were not so energetic as before;  
But the sense of civic duty still invigorated all  
And we gathered once a quarter in a cellar in Whitehall.  
*(These things take a long, long time.)*

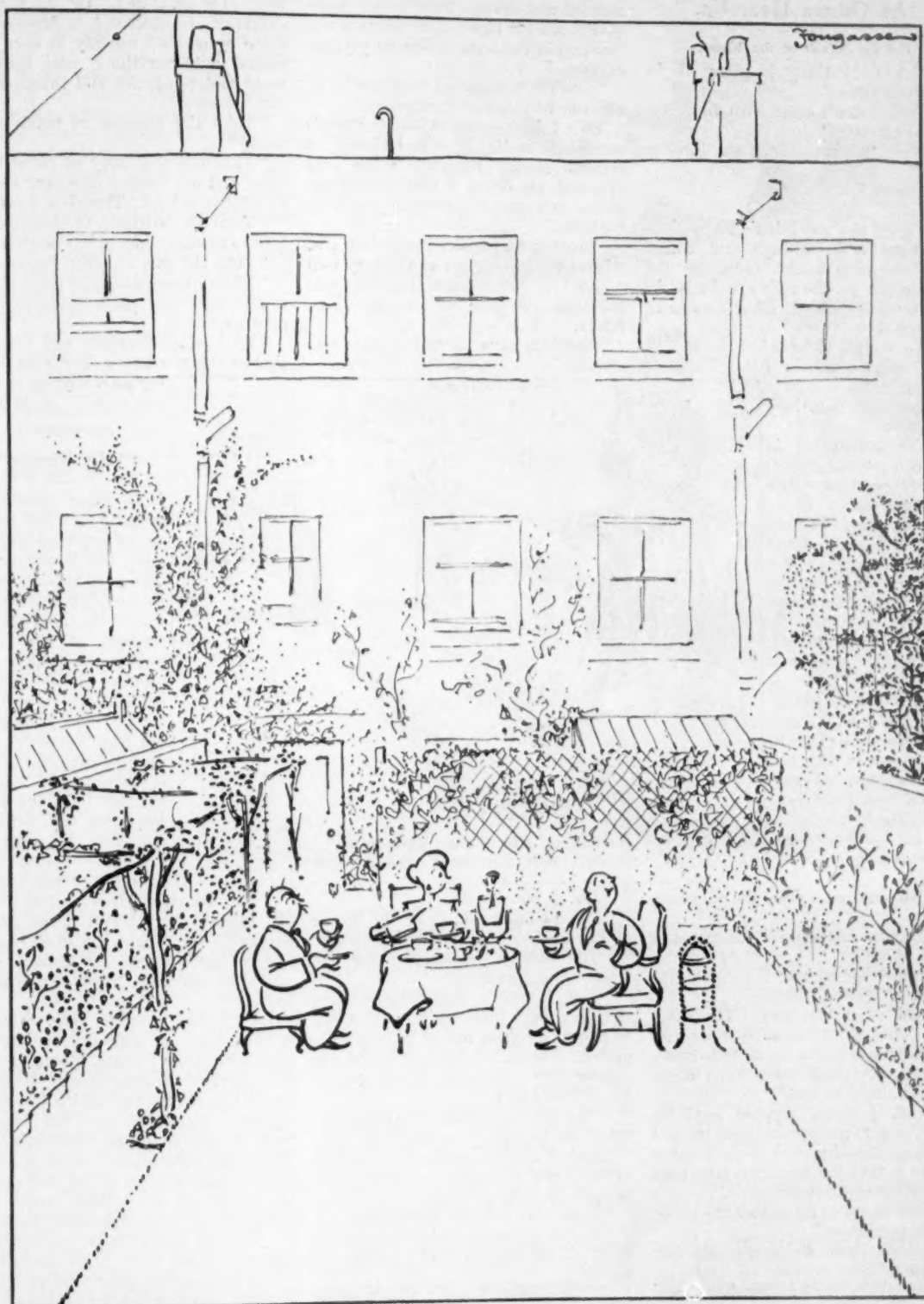
One little question puzzled us for many a weary year:  
'What is the right procedure when the Minutes disappear?'  
The Secretary said he thought the precedents were small,  
The Chairman said he didn't know a precedent at all.  
The Secretary thought we should remember where we  
were  
And continue our inquiry, without prejudice, from there.  
But a lot of time had passed since the inquiry was  
begun,  
And we none of us remembered what exactly we had  
done.  
And it has to be conceded that you can't go very far  
Towards a definite objective if you don't know where you  
are.  
The Chairman took the view that we should just begin  
again,  
For the absence of the Minutes would be awkward to  
explain.  
We resolved it was a question we could not at once decide,  
And that was the position when the Secretary died—  
*But it all took a long, long time.*

That left the members seven. I should hate to call to  
mind  
The melancholy steps by which our membership declined;  
I know that on the suicide of Prebendary Gunn  
I suddenly discovered that our membership was one.  
And that's the reason why you may observe me in the  
spring  
Investigating park-seats and places where they cling.  
That kissing is proceeding there is very little doubt—  
I can't imagine why it's done or what it's all about;  
But whenever it's discovered that the plebs are having fun  
It's generally granted that something should be done.  
Civic duty's food and drink to me, and, though it may be  
short,  
I can promise you at least a unanimous Report—  
*But it does take a long, long time.*

*I am the Royal Commission on Kissing,  
Appointed by Gladstone in '74;  
The rest of my colleagues are buried or missing;  
Our Minutes were lost in the last Great War.  
But still I'm a Royal Commission,  
My task I intend to see through,  
Though I know, as an old politician,  
Not much will be done if I do."*

A. P. H.





"AND WHAT A MARVELLOUS LABURNUM YOU'VE GOT NEXT-DOOR."

## As Others Hear Us.

On the Affairs of the Nation.

"THE next thing is going to be nationalisation."

"Well, I don't agree with you. Not in this country."

"Well, Stephen thinks so. And so do I."

"I don't."

"I do."

"I'll tell you why I don't, if you like."

"Mines and railways and things first, and then banks. You see, the minute you get the railways the banks are bound to follow. What I mean is, it absolutely follows."

"Not in this country."

"I don't see why not. Look at Russia."

"Yes, but then look at France."

"The corruption in France is perfectly frightful. Stephen says it's unbelievable."

"Still, that's France. Don't tell me that the whole of this village, for instance, is going to string up everybody with an unearned income on the lamp-post. Take a fellow like Jones the blacksmith, for instance. *He wouldn't do it.*"

"I don't say Jones necessarily. Besides, there won't be any unearned incomes. At least, there'll be a fixed minimum, Stephen says."

"That's neither more nor less than pure Socialism."

"Five hundred a year, the Socialists say."

"Absolute nonsense! There isn't such a thing."

"Well, Stephen and I are going to emigrate. Quite definitely."

"Look at it this way. The thing never *has* been done, so it follows to reason it never *can* be done. Otherwise, naturally, it *would* have been done. Anyway, more or less."

"Well, I don't suppose anybody could be more progressive than me and Stephen—Stephen and I—but what we say is that the world has gone mad—simply and absolutely mad."

"You've got to remember the swing of the pendulum."

"I don't think we're specially old-fashioned."

"Oh, one moves with the times, and all that."

"Yes, and in some ways I think

things are better. I'm perfectly broad-minded and always have been. Aeroplanes are all right, and children not working in factories, and even psychoanalysis."

"Absolute - nonsense - ought - to - be abolished-by-Act-of-Parliament."

"No, I don't agree. I believe there's something in it. Here and there. In certain cases. I don't mean just you and me doing it in the drawing-room, but properly-trained people in asylums."

"Modern nonsense. Never heard of when I was a boy, and we did very well without it. All this encouraging people to-*think*. Asking for trouble, absolutely."

"Stephen says there's a class-war coming."



Householder. "No, I STILL NEED THEM."

Tramp. "WOT, WIV ASCOT OVER, GUV'NOR?"

"Not in our day."

"I don't know. Look at the North of England, and miners and people."

"The dole is responsible for the whole thing, practically."

"Yes, I know. But Stephen says that in a very little while the bottom will have dropped out of money altogether. I think we ought to spend our capital like mad while we've got it. I told Stephen so."

"The whole question of unemployment can be put into a nutshell."

"And of course, once the bottom has dropped out of money, anything may happen, as Stephen says."

"Take this servant problem."

"It's no use saying that until you've lived in the country. It's *nothing* in London."

"That's what I say. This passion for going to the cinema and seeing all this American stuff."

"Though CHARLIE CHAPLIN is English. Or isn't he? Or do I mean CHARLES LAUGHTON? Anyway, I quite agree that nobody is ever contented with anything, and they all want motor-bicycles and things every five minutes."

"Take the number of traffic accidents."

"Take the way they all paint their faces and use lipstick the very second they leave school. The girls, I mean."

"Take the attitude of these young fellows towards their elders nowadays."

"Take the way children behave."

"What's needed all over this country to-day is simply plain ordinary common-sense."

"Well, what Stephen and I feel is that as things are now there's no knowing what's going to happen next." E. M. D.

## "Ole Furrer."

To many people international differences are of supreme importance, but in our remote village at this season of the year it is only cricket which can hold the attention of the local parliament which sits nightly at the "Saracen's Head."

"HITLER!" exclaims old Luke Belcher. "He may be all right, but I lay he never hit a boundary like that one Billy Bunn hit last Sat'day. No, nor MUSSYLINI neether. They don't play no cricket in them parts."

"You be right there, Luke," says Mr. (always Mr.) Rushton the gamekeeper. "We taught 'em most things, but we ain't taught 'em cricket—not yet. But, mark my words, we're goin' to do it."

Last Friday evening Peter Whiffen walked into the taproom, ordered a pint and thrust himself gloomily in a far corner of the long bench. He took no part in the debate, which was dealing with the selection of an English team which could be guaranteed to defeat the Australians. Being the fast bowler (two in the ribs and then one in the wicket) of the village eleven, his reticence did not escape notice for long.

"Wot's a matter with 'ee to-night, Peter?" exclaimed Dick Smoothy. "You be so gallus quiet that we might consider you be sickening for sommut."

"No, Dick, I be right enough, but I be thinkin'."



"Well," replied Dick Smoothy, "I hope you be thinkin' 'bout bowlin', 'cos 'tis the Little Clodbury match to-morrow, an' they'll hev ole Wackrell umpirin' for certain, an' he's worth nigh thirty runs to 'em any day."

"'Tis the Little Clodbury match I be thinkin' about," said Peter, "an' I do say there be funny doin's goin' on which I don't rightly understand."

"Wot's that?" cried old Luke Belcher. "Funny doin's over the Little Clodbury match! How d' ye make that out, Peter?"

"Wy, I makes it out like this," said Peter very slowly. "I went down to the pitch to-night an' found that somun's lifted up the ole furrer at the Rectory end—just where I pitches. Dead level it is—pried up with a fork."

The explosion of a bomb on the village green would not have caused as much consternation as this announcement. The "ole furrer," a relic of the distant past, was a shallow indentation running athwart the pitch about four yards from the Rectory end. For generations its slight form had been carefully preserved as, for a bowler who was acquainted with the geography of the wicket, it possessed qualities which had pulled many a game round from imminent defeat to triumphant victory.

"Ole furrer pried up!" exclaimed Luke Belcher. "Wy, you be dreamin', Peter. Ole furrer's bin there a hunded year o' more."

"Well, 'tain't there now."

Even good ale was a lesser thing. The company trooped out to the Green and by the aid of torches examined the pitch.

"You be right, Peter," said Luke after a keen scrutiny with eyes which were accustomed to read the origin of scars upon the earth; "furrer's bin pricked up wi' a fork, and darn well too. It's varmint work, an' I don't say Little Clodbury's goin' to profit, but 'tain't as should be wi'out ole furrer."

The company, completely dispirited, retraced their steps to the "Saracen's Head." There, under the influence of further pints, they considered the impasse, but in a babel of argument no clear course of action was resolved. A Little Clodburyite or a traitor in their midst was most thoroughly damned, and the landlord, who had been aghast at the exodus, was compensated royally. Beyond that, nothing.

At 1.30 p.m. the next day there was a galaxy of experts examining the wicket. Luke Belcher was there, Mark Belcher was there, Dick Smoothy was there—in fact the entire parliament of village cricket was there; and, what was most remarkable, the "ole furrer"



"YES, I BORROWED IT AT JUAN LES PINS."

was there. Undoubtedly it was there and more deeply delineated than it had been for many years.

"Wer I drunk last night?" exclaimed Luke Belcher; "'cos if I wern't this is the heaviest thing I ever see. An' if I wer 'tis still a fair dovercourt ter me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Peter Whiffen took his opportunities. The ball that pitched on the far edge of the "furrer" was one in the ribs, and the one that pitched on the near edge was a wicket. Little Clodbury fought gamely, and their defeat was drowned quite amicably in the "Saracen's Head."

"Well," said Luke Belcher to nobody in particular, "we won, but I be terri-ble mazed 'bout that ole furrer."

Hoppy Jim, the village poacher and ne'er-do-well, nudged him quietly.

"Don't 'ee worry 'bout that, Luke," he whispered. "Ole furrer wer forked up right enough, but I lay Squire's heavy roller on 'er all night an' 'er went down proper."

#### The Mildest of Them All.

"The Senate has the power to reject the Pill, but it becomes effective after a year's delay."—*Daily Paper*.

"WOMEN PADDLE ACROSS THE CHANNEL."  
*Daily Paper Heading.*

We had no idea the drought was as serious as this.

"I'm one of those people who simply can't use silk handkerchiefs. They set my teeth on edge." He shuddered slightly and then laid his own on the table.

*Extract from Novel.*

On edge?



*Voice from the Bed.* "WILL YOU LOOK AT THE MOUSE-TRAP? I THINK I HEARD IT SNAP."

### The Ping-Pong Temperament.

[*"In any game, from Rugby football to ping-pong, the possession of the right temperament is nine-tenths of the battle."*—*Daily Press.*]

I'm not a conceited player,  
But no one, the cracks agree,  
In the last decade has seen ping-pong played  
As ping-pong is played by me.  
I've a wonderful "feel," I've a wrist like steel,  
I've the eye of a tiger-cat,  
But I haven't the ping-pong temperament,  
So what's the use of that?

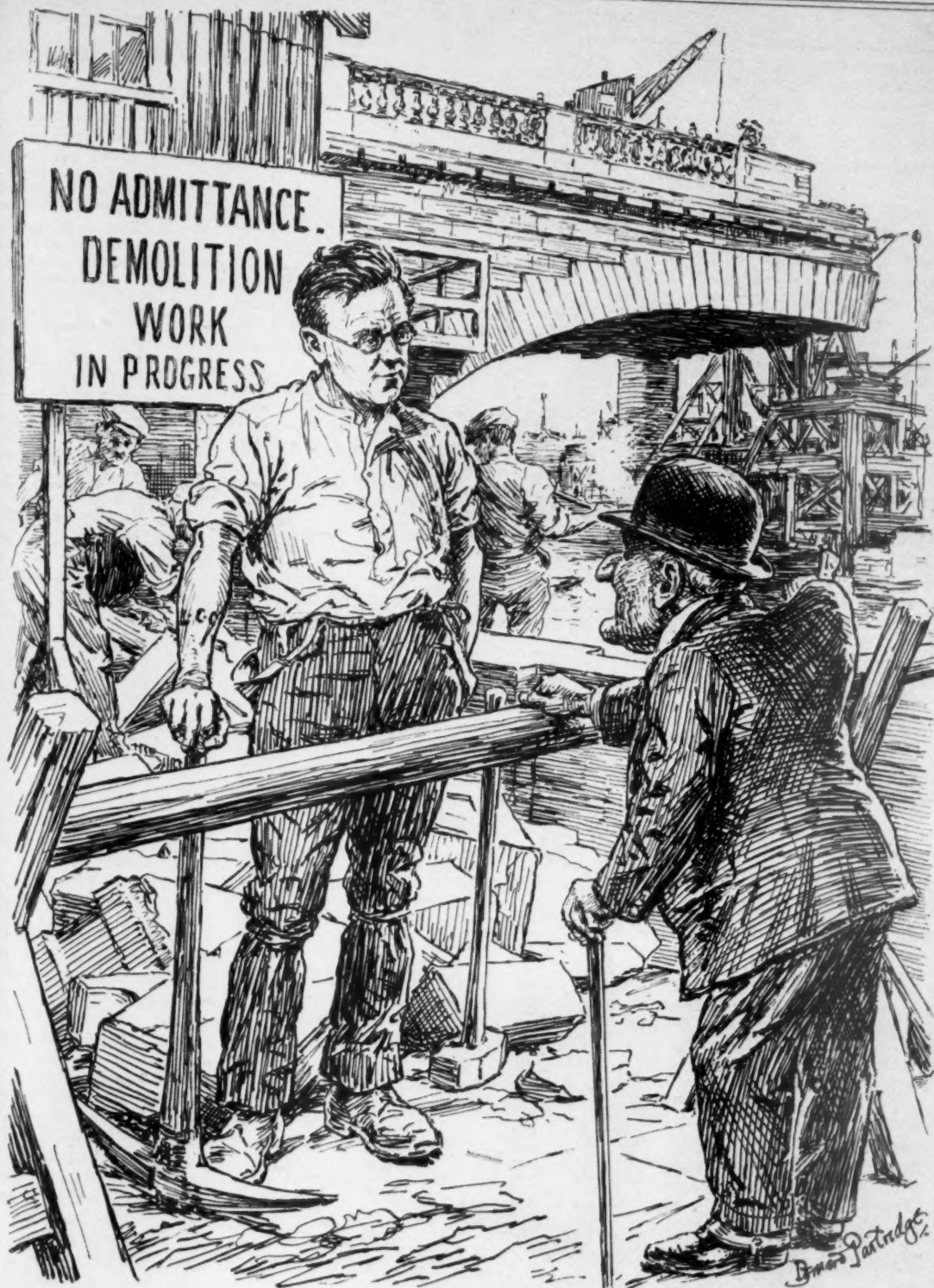
I've some beautiful strokes to look at;  
I've plenty of pace at call;  
If it wasn't for nerves my quick spin-serves  
Would never be seen at all.  
I've skill, appliance, technique and science,  
I've stamina, strength and grit,  
But I haven't the ping-pong temperament,  
So what's the use of it?

Don't rattle me by applauding!  
Don't gather around and chat!  
Don't hustle me, boys! Less noise! Less noise!  
Don't shuffle your feet like that!  
Oh, I'm quick on the bound, my foot-work's sound,  
I can vary my tactics well,  
But I haven't the ping-pong temperament,  
And it makes my life a hell.

Can there be any use in striving  
If I never become a star?  
It isn't just luck or want of pluck;  
The trouble lies deeper far.  
Then farewell, hope! Come, fasten a rope  
To any convenient shelf.  
I haven't the ping-pong temperament,  
And I may as well hang myself.

P. B.





### THE SENTIMENTALIST.

MR. PUNCH (to MR. HERBERT MORRISON). "I KNOW IT'S GOT TO GO—BUT LET ME BE THE LAST LONDONER TO STAND ON THE RUINS OF WATERLOO BRIDGE."



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## Impressions of Parliament.

### Synopsis of the Week.

**Monday, June 18th.**—Commons: Report Stage of Finance Bill concluded.

**Tuesday, June 19th.**—Lords: Betting Bill Read Third Time.

Commons: Debate on Petroleum (Production) Bill.

**Wednesday, June 20th.**—Lords: Debate on London Traffic Congestion. Unemployment and Licensing (Permitted Hours) Bills read Third Time. Commons: Minister of Health's Review.

**Monday, June 18th.**—That all taxis are not completely fitted with safety-glass is uncomfortable thought, and there seemed much to be said for Sir ASHETON POWNALL's request to-day that HOME SECRETARY should make safety-glass compulsory for all taxis licensed in future. Sir JOHN GILMOUR replied that under existing laws all motor-vehicles registered after January, 1932, must have safety wind-screens, and that older vehicles must have them fitted by January, 1937. To Mr. P.'s R. there appears to be case for temporarily exempting certain ancient machines which still totter bravely round our city in picturesque aroma of stables, as they seldom attain speed sufficient to endanger their venerable panes; but he wonders why law should aim at protecting driver from disfigurement while leaving passenger an easy prey to flying splinters.

### London's Latest Pastime.

There is no doubt that both pedestrians and motorists are puzzled by new crossing-places which have just been marked out, like gigantic parlour-games, in London's streets; and various Members urged HOME SECRETARY to arrange for fuller instructions to be given to public. What exactly do the wavy lines mean, and who has right of way, and when? Captain A. EVANS suggested soundly that B.B.C. should broadcast information on these points every day for fortnight, while Sir WILLIAM BRASS pressed Sir JOHN GILMOUR and Lieut.-Colonel HEADLAM to journey together to Paris in order to study French system, not offering, however, to take them.

In further debate on Finance

Bill Labour Party called for repeal of special duties on Irish goods and called for generous gesture. They are constantly demanding this generous gesture, but, as Mr. A. A. SOMERVILLE submitted, Mr. DE VALERA had proved that he considered land annuities to be

justly due by imposing them himself. Clause was negatived after CHANCELLOR had pointed out that duties were not punitive but were intended to recoup British taxpayer for his loss, and that in this they had been largely successful.

### Social Mischief at Ascot Goes Unchecked.

**Tuesday, June 19th.**—Third Reading debate on Betting Bill was remarkable for refreshing speech by Lord MOTTISTONE, who had been unable to be present at Committee stage. He said that when he read some of statements which had then been made on dog racing he rubbed his eyes. It seemed that even Lord LONDONDERRY had talked of "social mischief" and had shaken his head. In what, Lord MOTTISTONE asked, did this mischief lie? In amount of betting at dog-tracks? But it was well-known that there was at least eight times as much betting on horses as on dogs. Yet —was it not amusing?—while shaking of heads continued their Lordships' House was depleted that day (only about twenty Peers were present) because most of its members were at Ascot! He proposed to support Bill in hope that it might stamp out bad points of dog-racing.

In Commons Mr. RUNCIMAN, moving Second Reading of Petroleum Bill, said that it was intended to facilitate search for such petroleum as might lie under this country by vesting these oil properties, if they existed at all, in Crown, who could then issue licences. Amenities would be duly regarded and compensation plus additional allowance paid for property-disturbance.

Bill was welcomed by Labour Party, who congratulated P.M. and his National Labour colleagues on giving country small dose of Socialism in their time; stoutly opposed by Lord HARTINGTON, who spoke as member of firm which owned only oil-producing well in England, exhibited number of geological samples to House, and condemned Bill as return to vicious system of royal monopolies and as likely to diminish flow of capital into land by reducing sense of security of ownership; and defended by Lord EUSTACE



IN GAY PAREE.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR and Colonel HEADLAM (to each other).  
"APRÈS VOUS, MONSIEUR!"



A PILOT BALLOON?

Lord LONDONDERRY. "QUITE A HARMLESS STUNT THIS—MERELY IN THE AIR—WHAT?"

Mr. RUNCIMAN. "YES, BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT SOME OF OUR FRIENDS DISLIKE ABOUT IT; IT SHOWS WHICH WAY THE WIND IS BLOWING."

PERCY, who poured scorn on theory that something was going on behind scenes which Mr. RUNCIMAN had not divulged.

Wednesday, June 20th.—Their Lordships had brief discussion to-day on traffic congestion in London, Lord KILMAINE analysing its fundamental causes as too many buses during slack hours and presence of horse-drawn traffic, and suggesting that overhead bridges should be built.

Lord BANBURY, whose statement that he had been member of Coaching Club since 1877 did nothing to establish his impartiality, was equally sure that horses were not the trouble but rather number of motor-cars and lack of fellow-feeling amongst their drivers; while Lord HOWE alarmed House with his vivid account of quantity of carbon monoxide to be found in blood of traffic-policemen (who contrive, even so, to be easily best-looking men in London).

In Commons, Vote for Ministry of Health was debated, and Sir HILTON YOUNG delivered his review. He began by giving satisfactory account of national health.

Death-rate, 10% lower than five years ago, was steadily decreasing in



AS HE TAKES IT.

"Under the Greenwood tree,  
Who loves to cry with me . . ."

Mr. GREENWOOD on the Drought.

spite of fact that, owing to falling birth-rate, average age of population was rising; 40,000 more infants were saved annually than at beginning of century; and maternal mortality was dropping, though less quickly. Other two vital issues before his Department were drought, which was being tackled in such a way that serious crisis should be avoided; and housing, under which head he announced that during 1933-4 2,250 slum areas had been declared, while small houses were now being built at rate of 300,000 a year.

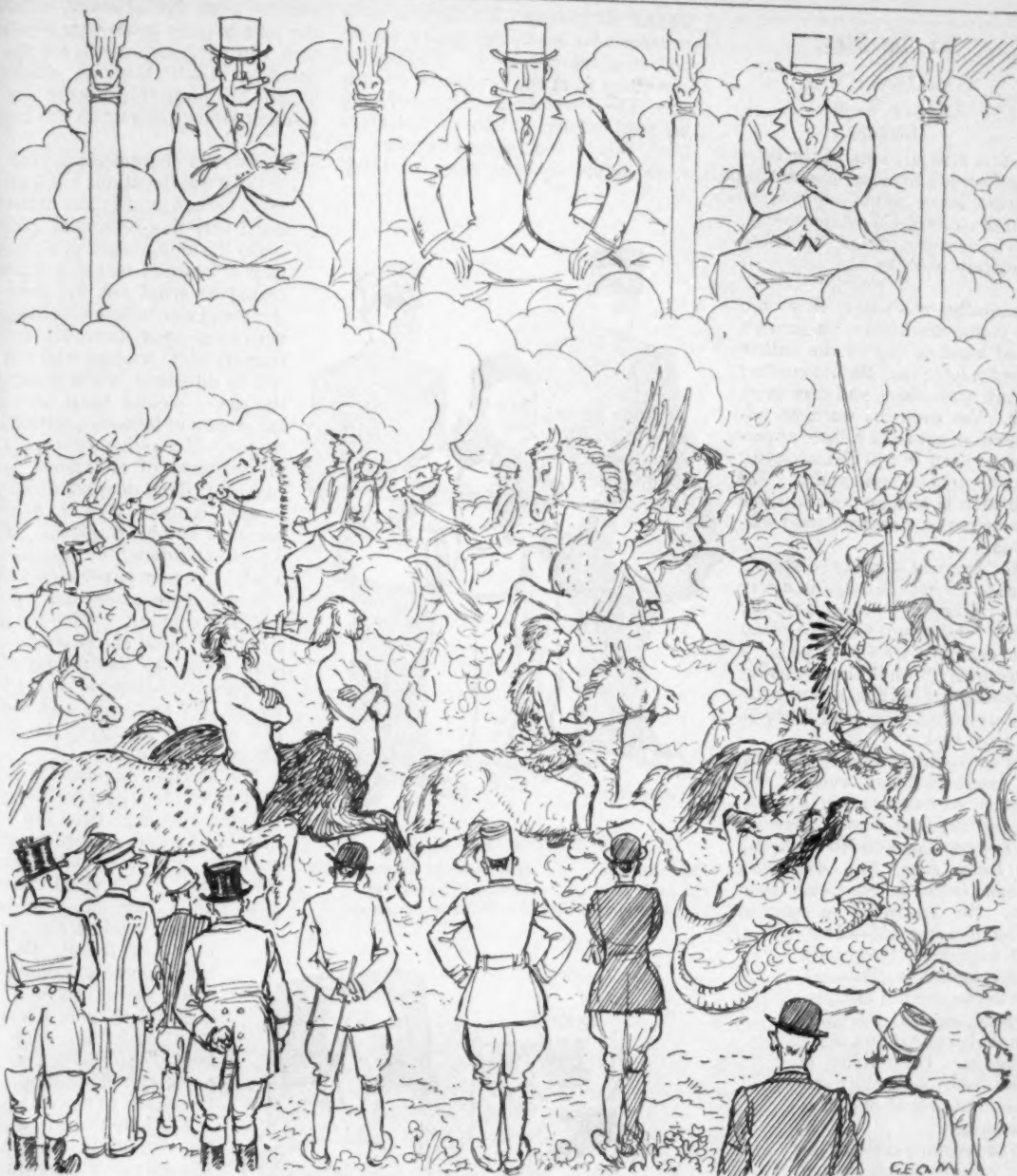
His speech was described by late Minister of Health, for Opposition, as evasive, Mr. GREENWOOD taking to himself much credit for housing acceleration and accusing Sir HILTON of not appreciating gravity of water-problem. Agriculture, he said, was suffering severely, and this at a time when hundreds of thousands of gallons of water were recklessly sprinkled over the course at Ascot.

Warm Conservative congratulations were then sprinkled over Sir HILTON, while Mr. E. YOUNG tendered Liberal benison and referred to Mr. GREENWOOD's Act of 1930 in no complimentary manner.



"THE BEST OF COMING TO A SEASIDE PLACE LIKE THIS IS THAT IT MAKES A HIKING HOLIDAY AS WELL."





**SOME TIME PERHAPS THE OLYMPIANS WILL GIVE US A COMPLETE HISTORY OF EQUESTRIANISM.**

**To a Nightingale.**

(A nightingale has been heard in song  
near Staines Railway Station.)

How absurd,  
O Bird,  
To think  
You could sink  
To complain  
To a train

And confine  
To a line  
Your anodyne.

When you might,  
Some night,  
On a handy tree,  
Sing loud (and free)  
For the B.B.C.  
Aloft, alone  
With a microphone  
For company!

O nightingale  
(So sweet, so frail),  
Give up your lay  
To the permanent-way;  
Fly off, I should,  
To a Berkshire wood,  
Trill loud and long  
(This time for the  
nation)  
And broadcast your  
song  
From another station.

## At the Play.

"THE LITTLE MAN"  
"VILLAGE WOING"  
(LITTLE).

It was a happy idea of the director of the People's National Theatre to put on these lesser works (or relaxations) of two fine old masters—one, alas! no longer with us, the other fortunately still in the prime of life.

Naturally, nowadays, if we are very young and clever, we haven't a good word to say of the author of the *Forayle Saga*. But no matter; we shall grow older, and may grow wiser. Yet even his warmest admirers were apt to be a little apprehensive when JOHN GALSWORTHY began to unbend and gambol. *The Little Man* is a slight joke in three folds woven on a sentimental background.

The "Farceical Morality" certainly comes to life on the stage in a way that a reading of it does not readily promise and passes the time pleasantly enough. Of *The American's* contribution (both the author's part in creating and Mr. FINLAY CURRIE's in interpreting) more may fairly be said than that.

On an Austrian railway platform *The American* (bland, voluble, sententious, portentous), *The Englishman* and *The Englishwoman* (snobs), *The German* (pseudo-Nietzschean), *The Dutch Boy*, *The Austrian Woman* (with baby) await their train. *The American*, an optimist self-confessed, self-advertised, expresses a lively faith in the essential unselfishness, even to the point of heroism, of human nature. *The Little Man* shyly contributes to the discussion. One would of course like to be unselfish and heroic, but would one have the courage?

In the ensuing rush for the train coming in on an unexpected platform it is *The Little Man* who helps the poor woman, taking her baby and one of her bundles. The woman is left behind; the baby is declared, on extraordinarily insufficient evidence, it must be confessed, to have black typhus; there is a general *saave qui peut*. *The Little Man* alone plays the hero, will not desert his charge, and Mr. ANDREW LEIGH's portrait (he was made up like one of Mr.

FRANK REYNOLDS's flat likeable little suburban householders) was so honest and unobtrusive as to disguise its cleverness from the careless or insensitive. *The American*, quickly recovering his good opinion of himself and mankind, when the alleged typhus is more accurately diagnosed as black

smudge from dye of shawl, rounds up the joke happily in an orgy of admiration, ruthlessly expressed, for the embarrassed *Little Man*, an admiration which he positively forces his less resilient fellow-passengers to share.

Mr. SHAW's characteristic little joke in three conversations has a surprisingly human quality less fitted than usual with fool-baiting epigrams.

On the lounge-deck of a pleasure-ship a bearded irritable author is trying to grind out his daily two thousand words, furiously indignant with an absurdly naïve and entirely friendly little woman who will persist in directing, while waiting for the eleven-o'clock soup, an unending stream of fatuous questions into his ear. His indignation spills over in the form of an almost savage rudeness. That does not dismay the female cruiser, who incidentally becomes autobiographical. She is a postman's daughter. She has won a prize in a newspaper competition. "Save and get a husband" was her mother's counsel. "Blue the lot on a holiday," said the postman. The soup comes to the rescue of the author—not before we realised that for all his irritation and shyness and affected misogyny he wasn't altogether inhuman.

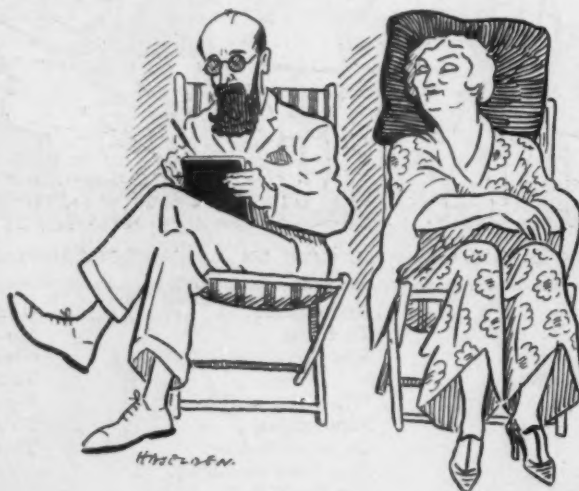
The second conversation is in a Wiltshire village general shop. The bearded customer does not recognise his former persecutor in the assistant and telephone-operator. By the end of the third conversation, after a vain effort to defend himself against Mr. SHAW's very old friend, the Life Force, operating through the naïve assistant's will to a husband, the sort of husband she "could do with in a house," the bearded one, now proprietor of the shop, allows the banns to be put up.

The jolly thing to watch is the careful building up by Dame SYBIL THORNDIKE and Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER of this fantastic encounter into a quite acceptable and reasonable situation. A protracted duologue like this gives admirable opportunity to technically accomplished actors, while it readily betrays the inexperienced. I have seldom seen Dame SYBIL so persuasive, and Mr. WONTNER showed his rich talent by giving this delightful reading of a part for which one might not have cast him. T.



THE TEMPORARY NURSE.

The Policeman . . . Mr. EDWARD WHEATLEIGH.  
The Little Man . . . Mr. ANDREW LEIGH.  
The Austrian Official. Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT.



VILLAGE WOING IN MID-OCEAN.

An Author . . . Mr. ARTHUR WONTNER.  
A Passenger . . . Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE.



## RICHARD III. (O.U.D.S.)

Christ Church cloisters form an ideal background for an historical play, even if Tom's ruthless tolling inflicts a hard test on the accuracy of the producer's time-scheme. (A test from which Miss LEONTINE SAGAN emerged with full honours, her interval for Tom anticipating his first chime by a few carefully-calculated seconds.) About three-quarters of the small square court were given up to tiered seats, and the other quarter was the stage. Behind it lay a short flight of stone steps, and on either side a good exit. The old stone walls, pieces of which came away realistically in *Richard's* murderous grasp, made for excellent acoustics.

Miss SAGAN, who is the first woman to produce an O.U.D.S. show, handled her Undergraduates in Fancy Dress as neatly as she did her Children in Uniform. She had drilled the large cast to a precision which kept the play moving at such a speed as veiled many of its weaknesses, no time was wasted in over-stately retreats, and every advantage was taken of the natural beauty of the setting. Most of the musical effects were provided by trumpets and drums, but the funeral cortège of Henry VI. was accompanied by choristers singing music of the dead King's own composition. A refreshing absence of muddle marked the crowd-scenes, the battle being particularly well arranged, though it struck me that the lords and lackeys-in-waiting might sometimes have shown a little more interest in the royal goings-on. Murder and intrigue may have become matters of routine at the Yorkist Court, but I should have thought that a first-class row between an unpopular Prince and one of the latest widows of his making would have aroused more excitement in the most *blasés* men-at-arms. But that is a small point.

The President of the O.U.D.S., Mr. PETER GLENNVILLE, took the gigantic part of *Richard* and emerged with signal credit. "I am determined to be a villain," said *Richard*, and Mr. GLENNVILLE took this as his text, playing the Renaissance monster to the hilt and working up a powerful atmosphere of evil. He might perhaps have made rather more of the usurper's perverted humour and of his capacity for genuine appreciation of his victim's qualities; but the gusto of his devilry and his finished oratory much more than made up for these faults.

Miss NANCY PRICE's performance as *Queen Margaret* seemed to me outstandingly good, her mockery scalding in its bitterness, her enunciation magnificent; Miss SAGAN herself played



"PERKINS, MY TRAVELLING-RUG."

*Lady Anne* with a sincerity which brought even the wooing scene within reach of possibility (her method at the critical—and absurd—moment of submission being to fall into a slight trance); Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT's *Queen Elizabeth* was admirably restrained; the *Duchess of York* was soundly acted by Miss MARGARET WITHERS, whose lot was lightened by a wise changing of that difficult line, "What stays had I but they?" into the singular; and the *Little Princes* were charmingly taken by Miss MONICA DISNEY and Miss EVE LYNETT.

Mr. DAVID KING-WOOD's *Buckingham* was very good indeed, full of individuality and yet always in touch with *Richard*; Mr. JOHN ARGLES' *Catesby* was well-defined, while Mr. RICHARD HEFFEL's *Clarence* and Mr. MICHAEL RABONE's *Hastings* were

competent. (The latter was fortunate to have got so brown during his incarceration in the Tower!)

Special marks for humour went to Mr. SYLVESTER CHRISTIE and Mr. PATRICK JUBB as the *Murderers*, and to Mr. JOSEPH ADAMSON for his delightful sketch of a medieval Yes-man, *The Lord Mayor of London*. ERIC.

## A Hint to Holiday-Makers.

"He was taking an off day and was filling in the time as one does fill in off days at Zermatt. He went into the bookshop and found a new French volume on dementia præcox, which he bought."—*Daily Paper*.

## Great Moments in History.

"A little after nine the Duke met Blücher on the road by La Belle Alliance. The two men did not dismount, but Blücher kissed his startled colleague in the saddle."—*Sunday Paper*.



"OH, DADDY, GEORGE AND I HAVE QUARRELLED, SO I'VE COME BACK TO MOTHER."  
 "I'M SORRY, MY DEAR, BUT SHE'S JUST GONE BACK TO HERS."

### The Garden in West Africa.

*Saturday, May 1st.*—The dry season having ended and the months that the locust has eaten being over, am determined that the brown and barren patch of earth facing my mud *gidda*\* shall be made to blossom like the rose. Idea of own fresh vegetables most attractive. Illustrated catalogue that has accompanied newly-arrived selection of seeds from home causes ambition to fire and mouth to water. Vision of own lettuces and garden-stuff induces generous thought of growing sufficient to send occasional basket into Headquarters.

Write Rogers at Headquarters to that effect.

Write long letter to Brown, of P.W.D., asking for loan of some gardening tools and promising tangible result in way of green-stuff.

Instruct Suli Bima to see about engaging suitable garden staff.

*May 4th.*—Suli Bima reports garden-boys non-existent, so resolve to train my own. Probably better in the long

\* Hausa—"house."

run. Issue proclamation by crier in the market-place to the effect that volunteers are asked for.

Heavy crate, containing two shovels and two wheel-barrow, arrives by camel.

Letter of thanks from Rogers at Headquarters, who forwards a book, *The Mosses of the Siberian Tundra*. Rogers says it was left behind by a Forestry Officer and, judging by the illustrations, should be useful. Fail to see it.

*May 5th.*—Frail and elderly native calling himself Jero applies for work as garden-boy. Says he made garden of vast extent for a white man named "Tin-clock." Never heard of person named "Tin-clock" and deny his existence. Jero says he can produce evidence, so tell him to go and get it.

Engage one Manassara, who brings seven witnesses to prove his success with water-melons some years ago. Must write home for some melon-seed.

*May 6th.*—Jero arrives back with personal testimonial which states that he has been a horse-boy of doubtful value in the employ of a Captain McClintock.

Engage him as time getting on and anxious to start.

Mark out vegetable beds with pegs and string. Give instructions to Jero and Manassara. Shortly afterwards find them squatting on ground and leisurely chipping surface with diminutive native hoes. Explain idea of shovels with great difficulty, eventually being forced to give demonstration of their use, causing crowd to collect outside compound. Shovels adopted with great reluctance.

*May 7th.*—Jero and Manassara wilful obstructionists. Will sack both as soon as opportunity occurs. They have combined use of shovel with a rope in an idea of their own that is painful to witness.



"COMBINED USE OF SHOVEL AND ROPE—PAINFUL TO WITNESS."

Eventually bow to circumstances



and abandon use of shovels, to their great satisfaction.

*May 8th.*—Several rows of runner-beans sown. Interesting data on packet gives their eventual height as six feet, so inserted rows of six-foot bamboos, greatly improving appearance of compound.

Brought wheel-barrows into play this morning, bringing up rich earth from the river-bank. They are very unpopular with Jero and Manassara, who prefer time-honoured methods of conveying soil, and complained of the heavy going. After three hours of wheeling they adopted their own methods with them.



"ADOPTED THEIR OWN METHODS WITH THEM."

Remembering experience with shovels, leave them to it.

Marrow-bed completed in afternoon and large number planted out.

*May 12th.*—Rough work in garden now completed. Jero and Manassara paid off. Both made application for certificates of competency as garden-boys. Application dismissed.

*May 18th.*—Beginning to have grave doubts about effects of damp heat of tropics on English seeds. Runner-beans aptly named. Have run up original six feet without a leaf, run down again, and are making for compound wall as ground-creepers. Marrow-plant (sole survivor) going strong.

The peas are rather overdue, a marked contrast to everything else. Lettuces (third sowing) followed first two lots, being removed on first day of appearance by hordes of ants, who presented quaint but painful sight of carrying small green umbrellas away with them.

Peas apparently deeply rooted.

*May 24th.*—After breakfast walked full length of marrow-plant, now clear of compound, over footpath, and apparently heading for boundary of Province. Undeniable marrow-flower of rich yellow at far end.

*May 28th.*—Young marrow, quite definitely. Very pleased.

*May 29th.*—While admiring marrow become aware of fearsome insect resembling small flying dragon. This settles on marrow, proceeds to sting it to death and then deposits large number



"THIS KID'S NEVER SATISFIED. WE'VE BEEN SAVING UP ALL THE YEAR FOR 'IM TO 'AVE PLENTY OF SAND TO PLAY WITH, AND NOW HE WANTS TO PADDLE."

of eggs in it. Lose all interest in marrow. Peas now my one hope. Concentrate on lines of peas with magnifying-glass, which reveals large number of small shafts sunk by green beetle, which has in every case replaced pea.

Messenger arrives in evening with letters and a consignment of fresh vegetables from Headquarters.

*May 30th.*—Small gang of men from market at work levelling out garden-beds. Commencing construction of hard tennis-court in compound.

T. R. H.

"A Bungalow of your dreams, in unique position for sun, beauty and accessibility; 2 rec., sm morning-rm, gd scly, lge gar; self-encl by small mat. gdn; 3 bedrms, bthrm; £1,550."—*Advt. in Hants Paper.*

It sounds a real brgn.

"On the other hand, Herr Hitler undoubtedly needs foreign friends. Having reached settlements for the Polish Corridor and the Saar, it would be a large feather in his cap if he could

Turn to Page 11, Column Two."

*Daily Paper.*

We fancy he will continue to prefer the front page.

### A Shropshire Duck.

REST you now, lad, soundly rest you,  
And remove your either pad;  
Let dull pain no more molest you,  
Make an end of grieving, lad,  
For the path that you have trod, lad,  
Better lads have trod before;  
Even HOMER used to nod, lad,  
Even I have failed to score.

Play the man, lad, and be candid,  
Speak the truth and play the man;  
Do not tell us where it landed  
Nor assure us how it span.  
You will scorn such empty folly,  
You will not lament your fate;  
We can tell a rank half-volley,  
And we saw that it was straight.

Other lads will do hereafter  
All the deeds you loved to do;  
Other lads will wake our laughter—  
Sleep away, lad, care not you.  
Rest you in your dreamless heaven  
And forget your meed of pain,  
For the Blumpworth Eighth Eleven  
Shall not call on you again.

### How the Debt Was Settled.

I DO not often steal files from Government offices, and when I do I am careful always to leave one file in the nest, as I was taught to do as a boy, but this question of the Debt seemed too important to miss. Debt is such a personal matter, and I thought there would be guidance for us all in learning from the Government how not to pay, or rather how to not pay without hanging the head in shame.

I myself have never got very good results by the method of economic argument, which proves (as I can) that if I pay my tailor's outstanding bills I shall be unable to order fresh suits. I am always stymied by his reply that that is just untrue, and that I can order lots of fresh suits.

It is this payment in kind idea which attracts me, and I want, before the general public learns, to find out from the National Government how one pays in kind. So I have pinched the relevant file from Whitehall. When the Americans just mooted the idea of being given a thing there were lots of facetious suggestions, because the National Government is not so united as all that. The Cabinet Minutes explain that there was a long silence while everybody tried to think what Americans really liked.

The best suggestion was ice, which Americans are known to love and which would also have a kind of symbolical significance as a frozen asset given to a

cold-hearted creditor. Maps were sent for to find how much of each Pole was part of the British Empire, and then the question arose of how much of our share of the Antarctic we could spare. A beautiful slice, outwards from the South Pole, was painted on vellum and pinned to the despatch offering it. Judge of the annoyance of our Ministers when the Americans said that the exploits of PEARY had put them in a strong position as far as ice went, and could we please think of something else, "default" being such an ugly word, especially when pronounced with a rising nasal intonation?

The Gulf Stream was unanimously thought too valuable to deflect, and when the Cabinet played with the idea of giving the Americans one or other of the products grown in the Empire, like tea or tin or cocoa, business interests explained that gifts were very bad for trade, and that while these commodities were not of course sacrosanct, like the bars of gold which were locked up in the Bank of England vaults, they entered international trade, and once a commodity does that it cannot be lightly or recklessly handed about. The museums had uneasy days and looked to their padlocks, but the Government soon decided that national treasures must be kept in the interests of the tourist trade.

When the suggestion was made—and what a good suggestion it seemed at the time!—that Americans should be invited to spend free or partly-free holidays here, to have free admittance for ever to the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey and Sulgrave Manor, and to be made freemen of Stratford-on-Avon, it really looked as though, before many avenues had been explored, a formula had been found. Alas for the optimists, the State Department explained sadly and lucidly that there were not, contrary to current foreign opinion, enough Americans to go round. "If," they said, "you give free tickets amounting to thirty-five pounds' worth of amenities to every tourist, you would still want a million tourists a year, and even with that inducement we don't think there are a million flush and idle Americans."

"Well," says the telegraphic answer, Foreign Office No. 381 Most Secret, "we think there are more than a million idle Americans, far more, and we will fetch them in the ships of our Royal Navy, which must be afloat anyway, and give cruises and lectures thrown in for nothing, as well as the sight-seeing."

Faced with this fine offer, the State Department replied that it understood that Great Britain could not separate

its debts from those owed to it by the continent of Europe, and hoped parallel arrangements would be made for their payment, by free trips to France and Germany for the inhabitants of England, lest the after all very small British Isles should be inconveniently crowded during the American travelling season.

It was understood that in any event American tourists would not be treated as ordinary debt-collectors. Real progress towards a lasting settlement seemed secure when a further message from the State Department referred to the existence of Congress. Congress was asking why payment in services should all have to take place in the effete continent of the Old World, and why usage should be turned upside down and creditors made to visit their debtors. In short, they said that it was well known to every American that the English made the best butlers in the world. Every American would like an English butler, and while they granted that such butlers were worth their weight in gold and weighed a great deal, there were over thirty million pounds in gold to be put in the scale against them.

The proposal struck everybody as watertight. England was full of people who could no longer afford a butler, and so of unemployed or misplaced butlers, and of elderly men who could be appealed to through posters to volunteer for this service of paying their country's debt and to sign on for a period of years. Prohibition was over and America was a pleasant place, and the position would be one of commanding authority. Nor need there be any fear of labour trouble in America, or talk of anybody being displaced, because it was well known that the presence of a butler in a house did not mean less work for other servants but a great deal more.

Such are the striking terms on which, if my files—but they are only mine for a few hours—are a true guide, this thorny subject is being settled between the two Powers. Some of those who find themselves asked to volunteer for this patriotic service overseas may be annoyed at first and think their dignity is being flouted, but that will teach them not to borrow quite so much another time. D. W.

### Our Candid Advertisers.

"Straight from Monte Carlo where nothing second-rate is tolerated."—*Theatre Bill*.

"RODEO  
PRIMATE ACTS."  
*Evening Paper Poster.*

We just don't believe it.





Visiting Clergyman. "AHA! I KNOW WHAT YOU WILL SAY TO ME. YOU WILL SAY TO ME—'SABELLIANISM'!"

### Old Names for New.

[A correspondent of *The Times* recently appealed to "some competent Anglo-Saxon scholar to give a list of those beautiful names which were in fashion before the change which began in 1066." Mr. ROBERT BIRLEY, a history-master at Eton, responded promptly with sixteen choice specimens, which have inspired the following lines.]

SINCE children, though wholly unable  
To speak for themselves at the font,  
Too often are tied to a label  
No Christian could possibly want,

Let us welcome with trumpets and  
klaxons,  
With many a hoot and a honk,  
Names worn by the brave Anglo-  
Saxons

Ere the coming of WILLIAM the  
Conk.

And I specially thank Mr. BIRLEY  
Of Eton, the history "beak,"  
For giving each laddie and girlie  
The chance of a name that's unique.

How pleasant to sit on a sofa,  
How sweet to subside on a *pouf*,

By the side of a lover called Bofa,  
At the feet of a hero named  
Stuf!

How nice to go ski-ing with Sledda,  
Or with Osmod or Swaefraed to  
mate;

Or to study the lore of the *Edda*  
With the beautiful Aethelbeorg-  
Tate!

And I feel that my doggerel stuff a  
More saleable product might be  
If I signed myself Offa or Wuffa,  
Instead of the dull C. L. G.



Landlady of "Seaview." "YOU LEFT BOOKING RATHER LATE THIS YEAR, SIR. STILL, I WAS DETERMINED TO OBLIGE YOU, SO I SUBLET YOU TO SLEEP AT MRS. WIGGINS'S OVER BY THE GASWORKS, AND TO HAVE YOUR MEALS AT CREST VILLA, WHICH IS A MERE FIFTEEN MINUTES' WALK UP STEEPSIDE AVENUE."

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### The Army to the Rescue.

WHEN a policeman finds wrongdoers too much for him it is well to have British troops at hand. Major-General Sir CHARLES W. GWYNN tells, in *Imperial Policing* (MACMILLAN, 10/6), of occasions in recent years when the civil arm of the law has been mightily reinforced. Sometimes, as on the North-West Frontier, the soldiers have been called upon for positive hard fighting; or again, as at Shanghai, their mere presence has been enough to make their interference unnecessary. At Chanak they called a blustering enemy's bluff; and more than once they have put up a very pretty little bluff of their own. They have been rushed by aeroplane to face remote islanders armed with slings, and turned out at a moment's notice to take action in a ten-inches-a-day rainstorm. Except that once certain men of the heavy artillery strenuously objected to riding on horseback, there is nowhere any indication of inadequacy to meet the occasion. This book is a serious study, but it is also a most inspiring narrative. Anything more exciting than the tale of the attack on the armoured cars in Peshawar city could hardly be imagined.

#### The Hero of Bannockburn.

What the benighted Englishman knows about ROBERT I. of Scotland is little enough. We were taught the legend of the spider in our youth; possibly we read of the remarkable blacksmith's blow with which he sent the knight DE BOHUN reeling from his horse at Bannockburn, cloven to the chine.

"I have broken my battle-axe," remarked the BRUCE when reproached by his captains for foolhardiness. The picturesque pen of Mr. ERIC LINKLATER, who recently dealt with MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS in the same series, adds this classical example of understatement, as he calls it, to our store. *Robert the Bruce* (PETER DAVIES, 5/-) is his monograph, and it bears every mark of having been written by a sturdy Scot, who describes with gusto the way in which his hero harried the craven English of the Border. True there are some passages in his earlier career that need delicate handling. Before the stabbing of COMYN in the church at Dumfries he had not been exactly the model of your true-hearted patriot. Mr. LINKLATER admits that he was true to none but himself—until that murder compelled him to win Scotland or die like WILLIAM WALLACE. Thenceforward he became indeed the Scottish hero *sans peur et sans reproche*. The weakness of EDWARD II., which was the natural corollary of his father's oppressive strength, gave him his opportunity and he used it to the full.

#### A Sartorial Miscellany.

Nowadays it only takes five years, Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP assures us, for "clothes" to become "costume"; and he traces the speeding up of fashion to the vogue for ready-made garments of cheap stuff, machine-work having superseded handicraft and the mass-mind individual taste. The course of this transition is not the least interesting spectacle of *English Dress from Victoria to George V.* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 15/-), a sprightly account of the sartorial adventures of both sexes and all classes in the England of its day, with a side-glance at the Continent. As history it is a trifle disinclined to distinguish conjecture



from fact. The Venetians, for instance, did not take to black solely as a protest against Austrian usurpation—the fashion is noted by LASSELS early in the seventeenth century. But Mr. CALTHROP has explored the byways of his theme with delightful results: he gives you the precise buttonhole of the Heavy Swell and the exact walking-stick found in the Edwardian umbrella-stand. Æsthetically he looks ahead, having much that is caustic to say about both past and present; but his illustrations—the typical silhouettes of each decade especially—are both dainty and illuminating.

#### A Vienna Diary.

Nowadays writers with an axe to grind find plenty of grindstones ready to their hands. In *Naomi Mitchison's Vienna Diary* (GOLLANCZ, 5/-) I could not recognise the Vienna that I have known ever since the tragic days in 1921-22 when the Viennese went about with empty stomachs and smiling faces. There are no smiles in this account of the aftermath of the recent civil disturbances in that once gay city. At times Mrs. MITCHISON's diary reads like the production of an over-excited imagination stimulated by an unreasoning sympathy with the Socialist victims of the riots. Although it does credit to her heart, her unquestioning acceptance of what can of necessity only be one side of the story destroys the historical value of her narrative. There were victims among the Heimwehr and the Austrian troops no less than among the Socialist forces. Moreover the Socialists were in armed revolt against the constitutional Government of their country. At the same time Mrs. MITCHISON's too highly-coloured diary does serve to reveal an aspect of Austrian political life that is too often forgotten abroad.

#### History Without Thrills.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN's latest puppet from the box labelled "historical characters" is GIORDANO BRUNO, but her hero is not, as knowing readers may hope, *The Triumphant Beast* BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) of her title, that being either ST. DOMINIC's dog or "the monster of ignorance and superstition, of bigotry and malice"—or perhaps both. The publishers refer to BRUNO's "life of tumultuous action," but this long history of his attempts to get a hearing for his philosophy is actually a little monotonous; his early association with GIULIA from the slums of Naples and his later exalted passion for Madame DE CASTELNAU fail to impart much tumult to a story, ending with his heroic death in the *Campo dei Fiori*, in which actions are generally shouted down by words. Sketches of sixteenth-century life in Italy, England and Germany, with meetings with Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, QUEEN ELIZABETH, two Popes and other notables to give local colour, do not succeed in making the book a good historical thriller; and, however much the



Bo'sun. "It's MARVELLOUS 'OW KNOWLEDGE DOESN'T SPREAD. ONLY YESTERDAY I TOLD YOU 'OW REAL SAILORS GO ABOUT THIS JOB, BUT FOR ALL THE GOOD IT'S DONE IT MIGHT 'AVE BEEN A LECTURE IN CHINESE ON 'THE LOVE LIFE OF THE BEE.'"

reader may admire BRUNO's enlightenment as to the solar system, the philosopher himself remains uninteresting.

#### The Latter-Day Carlyle.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. D. A. WILSON did not live to finish his biography of CARLYLE, the more so as the last of its volumes—compiled by his nephew from Mr. WILSON's materials—is the most successfully Boswellian of the six. His uncle's lifelong devotion to CARLYLE research is attractively described by Mr. MACARTHUR, and a mass of personal testimony of the most interesting character has gone to the making of *Carlyle in Old Age* (KEGAN PAUL, 15/-). Starting just after the publication of *Frederick*, you see CARLYLE (with a growing taste, vociferously expressed, for peace and "God Almighty's silence") confronting the death



of his wife, sitting for WATTS and WHISTLER, "reading *Racine* in the shade of the backyard," sitting down in the presence of VICTORIA and writing those contrite reminiscences whose exploitation by FROUDE has aroused the bile of more pious biographers. Perhaps the frontier has been shifted here (as frontiers usually are) with less regard for permanence than for the pleasures of conquest. Yet, as regards CARLYLE himself, the portrait is, on the whole, as accurate in perspective as it is illuminating in detail.

#### Answer to a Kitchen S.O.S.

In most households the scarcity of attractive savouries is notorious and the recurrence of calcined cheese too frequent. But here at last comes aid to the distressed hostess—*Good Savouries* (FABER AND FABER, 2/6), compiled by that domestic benefactor, Mr. AMBROSE HEATH. He divides the book, admirably indexed, into Hot and Cold Savouries, Savoury Butters and Savoury Soufflés; and, honestly omitting the more hackneyed examples, he offers 250 recipes for our consideration, giving the palm, and I think rightly, to properly prepared Angels-on-Horseback. Mr. HEATH's instructions are clarity itself, but his whole approach to food has a poetic feeling about it which greatly takes my fancy. When, for instance, he speaks of "a thinly-spread couch of spinach purée, on which is lying a poached oyster," he moves us to a sudden beautiful anxiety lest the last moments of this victim, slaughtered that we may enjoy a brief marine illusion, shall be uncomfortable. Mr. EDWARD BAWDEN's charming decorations are yet another compelling reason why this little book should be bought and treasured.

#### Peking People.

The heroine of *The Ginger Griffin*, by ANN BRIDGE (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), was fond of riding and took a prominent part in the local drags and races. She became part-owner of the pony who gives the book its title. In the intervals of racing she made trips in and around Peking and shared the social life of the Legation community. Then she acquired two suitors and eventually married one of them. The story is competently told and the background is touched in with great skill. On the face of it this is an excellent novel, but I find it deficient in spirit. The scenes and characters are not felt but merely described. The three-hundred-and-seventy-eight pages of husk contain a relatively small kernel. I have not enjoyed reading this tale very much, but that is my own fault, because I kept comparing it in my mind with that masterpiece, *Peking Picnic*, by the same author. The present might perhaps have proved an entertaining work had it only been written by somebody else.

#### A Great Indian.

The authorised biography, "*Ranji*" (RICH AND COWAN, 15/-), should for many reasons meet with the warmest of welcomes. Mr. ROLAND WILD, to whom the work was entrusted, has performed his task with admirable care and discretion. Without in the least minimising the part that cricket played in "RANJI'S" life, he has shown quite clearly that any of us who insist on regarding "RANJI" as merely a miraculous batsman are completely blind to the qualities of a really great man. Interesting as the tale of "RANJI'S" earlier years at Cambridge and in the cricket-field is, I at any rate have found the history of his career as a ruler, guardian of his people and diplomat even more absorbing. "He is,"

Mr. A. G. GARDINER wrote, "the first Indian who has touched the imagination of our people, and he has released trains of thought in our minds." This book, with its excellent illustrations, will not only convince us of the truth of those words, but also prove that, whatever differences of opinion "RANJI" had with the powers that be, he was always at heart loyal to the Empire.

#### Stranded.

Mr. Pidgeon, in *Panic Party* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), asked for trouble and abundantly found it. He collected an incongruous party in his sumptuous yacht and then with the intention of watching their actions and reactions stranded them on an uninhabited island. One of his guests reacted so thoroughly that Mr. Pidgeon was murdered, and Roger Sheringham, who played such an important part in *Jumping Jenny*, was left to discover the culprit and also to control several people whose nervous systems were completely disorganised. In a sense this is rather a cruel story, but Mr. ANTHONY

BERKELEY writes so well and observes so acutely that in the sensational school of fiction its mark must be a+.

#### Hero-Worship.

Mr. VINCENT STARRETT must have thoroughly enjoyed writing *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 8/6). No more ardent admirer of the great detective can conceivably exist, and his enthusiasm, although sometimes so exuberant that it is almost droll, is also most infectious. Baker Street, for instance, assumes a new glamour in Mr. STARRETT's hands. His essay on the actual site of the *Holmes-Watson* ménage makes excellent reading, while his inquiry into the disposition of the furniture in the famous sitting-room is a model of conscientious investigation. Little is omitted in this tribute to the creator of *Sherlock*, and the illustrations add to the interest of a most comprehensive volume.



"DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE. REMEMBER IT'S BUTTERFLIES WE'RE AFTER."



### NOTHING NEW.

It was awfully hot.

The temperature at Paris was 93°; the forehead of M. BARTHOU was wrinkled. The temperature at Rome was 92°; the forehead of MUSSOLINI was shining. The temperature in Berlin was unknown. It had been suppressed by the Ministry of Public Propaganda. The temperature in London was stated to be slightly cooler, and such was the influence of the PRIME MINISTER that the statement was believed. The Horse Show was beginning. LARWOOD had undergone a *viva-voce* examination. WYATT was uncertain about his thumb. The favourite for the Gold Cup was fit. We ourselves were resting after our lunch.

"I am seriously perturbed," said the Shadow of Mr. Punch, appearing to us in the middle of our siesta, "about everything."

"As, for instance," we murmured, "what?"

"My Epilogue. What am I going to say in it?"

"Nothing," we answered. "There is nothing to say. Mr. Punch b. H. Wave 0."

"The whole world," he went on, ignoring our complacency, "appears to be unsettled. Disarmament, Austria, Unemployment, Debt, Under-consumption, 'Body-line' Bowling—they all go on and on."

"Isn't there," we murmured, "something majestic, some grand rugged beauty of its own about Unsettlement?"

Oh, settlement, where are the charms  
That the sages have seen in thy face?  
Much better have heaps of alarms  
And go on at an equable pace.

Consider the delights of a crossword-puzzle that never comes to an end. Figure to yourself a formula that can never be found. More and more we seem to see the American Debt-wrangle as a snow-clad mountain of unsurpassable serenity with the sun gilding its topmost peaks; the Disarmament imbroglio as a magnificent Gothic cathedral, the problem of International Trade as a wide and glorious landscape, the question of Who Shall Play for England as a huge and tranquil river running on and on, its placid shining surface broken here and there by——"

"And the drought," inquired the Vision—"what about that?"

"And the drought also," we said. "It will never rain. Or if it does, only just enough to ruin Ascot and Goodwood. We shall grow a race of crops and cattle that can do without water, like runner-ducks. The

world will grow dryer and dryer. The water-courses will be used by pedestrians to escape from motor-cars, and we shall wander about in the bed of the sea."

"You haven't said anything profound yet," observed the Vision rather acidly, "about Fascism."

"That will go on also. Shirts will become blacker and blacker as the years roll by. The want of water will greatly assist us there. The Fascists and the Reds will riot interminably, protected and shepherded by our magnificent indefatigable police. There is nothing I love more than to see a mighty rebellious host marching in fours about London, its eyeballs rolling with frenzy, and led on by policemen in command of every section of every platoon to see that it comes to no harm at the traffic crossings. Oh, yes! It'll all go on and on. Everybody will debate everything and find no remedy. But there will grow out of all this continuous turmoil and confusion a massive structure of dubiety and procrastination which will form the solid basis of the world to be. Nothing will ever happen again. Things will only be about to happen. Committees will sit upon them, and Committees will sit upon those Committees and ossify. The historian of the future will write:—

'For the first time in the course of world-politics discussion not only took the place of action but was found to be a complete and final substitute for it. Thunder threatened. Famine was imminent. But nobody starved, and the clouds refused to break.'

I have told you exactly what I think about it. Now will you please leave me in peace?"

"I will not," said the relentless Vision, refusing to suppress itself. "This Indian Question——"

"Is doing splendidly," we sighed. "Think of it for a moment as a bridge. Traffic goes thundering over it, the tides of the river surge beneath, but the bridge remains austere, immutable, rooted in compromise which is stronger than the eternal heavens, bound together with the iron rivets of mutual disagreement and mortared with amendments to clauses and any other old metaphor you may please."

"Waterloo Bridge," replied the persistent Vision, "is at this very moment being destroyed."

"I refuse to believe it until I see it. At the last moment some blessed moratorium will supervene. This passion for saying that something has happened and is going to happen is fostered by the spectacular Press.

A crisis a day  
Keeps the populace gay.

But who remembers them a week afterwards? Once we can get it clearly into our heads that nothing need ever happen if only we go on arguing long enough, and that we don't want it to happen because if it did we shouldn't like it—once that principle is established the world, or at any rate England, is secure."

"I need perhaps scarcely remind you," said the Vision, "that every word you have spoken is unutterable folly."

"Folly! Quotha!" we cried. "And is it any the worse for that? 'Folly' is our mission and yours. In the second place, there is wisdom in folly for those who can see it. And in the third place——"

"Well, what?"

"In the third place, we have settled our Epilogue."

"But nothing else," said the Presence, gloomily. "The American Debt——"

"Oh, don't begin all over again," we implored him. "The Epilogue is over—the job is done. Settle the American Debt by offering to Uncle Sam your—

## One Hundred and Eighty-Sixth Volume."





